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Very Rev. Thomas Duperon Silver Jubilee.

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On the eve of the sixth of June, from distant mission posts in the twin-territories, were gathered the priests of Sacred Heart Mission to assist at their spiritual father's silver jubilee.

When evening came, grave and reverent fathers, modest looking Alumni, brigh-faced, though dusky, students from the college, black-robed sisters with their gay pupils, assembled to give greeting to the Jubilarian. Music and speeches were the rights of the evening. Gifts were presented and happy thoughts given utterance. Rev. Provost Savinian with a few appropriate words presented a magnificent chalice, the offering of the Jubilarian's spiritual sons.

An address by one of the Alumni was most touching. The young student dwelt lovingly upon "The life of self sacrifice devoted to the glory of God and the salvation of souls." The quiet power with which the thrilling words were spoken received due applause. Extolling in heart-throbbing language the many merits of the distinguished Jubilarian; particularly on the peculiar love and care the dear Father had ever lavished upon the young souls of his Monastery whose spiritual training—to quote from the orator—"is an office your jealous care will not permit you to delegate to another,—Youth is the seed time and needs a good husbandman,—under your faithful care we hope it will be for us as it should be for all, 'the brightest and fairest season of man's earthly sojourn.'"

His spiritual sons also spoke laudatory verses. One, the epitome of the noble career of the Jubilarian expressed the thoughts of many a one who has known his career.

Ever heavenly doctrines teaching,
An Apostle's life he lives;
Fasting, praying, always preaching
Truths, he from above receives.

With music by the pupils of the College and Academy the first evening closed, and happy hearts awaited the morrow—"The Anniversary of the first Holy Mass of the Saintly Jubilarian."

"What is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days."

The sky in its matchless beauty, roseate with flushes of early morning, greeted and welcomed the Jubilarian. Heaven smiled, earth donned her fairest garments and gave her sweetest strains, the song of birds and music of all growing things. It was an ideal day. We were "happy now because God wills it." A day

When the eyes forget
The tears they have shed.
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache.
The soul partakes of the season's youth.
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving.

The decorations were fine and did honor to the artistic taste of the decorators. All was in harmony with fair nature. The Reverend Jubilarian was vested in the Monastery parlor, the robes were magnificent. The room was profusely adorned with woodland blossoms. Promptly at half-past nine the procession started towards the church. The Jubilarian walked under a rich canopy sent from France, his native